

My Fruit

Poetry • Evan Myers

Hungover sunflowers stoop outside my door
Half eaten by the bugs.
I am the same, bitter
That I fell before
Summer swallowed
Us In yellow and carried
The lucky ones away on its wings.
There will be more of them.
Yet I am the bad seed,
Broken between the bottom
Of the sole and the top of
The cobblestone, crying
For a crow to come and peck
Me out of my misery
Among the weeds. I wonder why I fell.
Hell, maybe we're all bad seeds.
But this is my fruit.